

# LIBERTY ADVOCATE

WHEN POWERS ARE ASSUMED WHICH HAVE NOT BEEN DELEGATED, A NULLIFICATION OF THE ACT IS THE RIGHTFUL REMEDY.—Jefferson.

JAMES M. SMILEY, Editor.

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Where is the student who has not, time after time, made the air ring again with his vociferous recitations of CAMPBELL'S HOHENLINDEN, and even embodied his own dear self with its spirit-stirring chivalry? There is not one, we wot. The following neat humorous parenthetical hit at that fine effusion, which is credited to the *Louisville Gazette*, is quite unique—it is a literary caricature, which, although admirably ludicrous, does not discredit the original.—*Geo. Journal*.

CAMPBELL'S HOHENLINDEN,

Amended, extended, civilized, revised, and criticized,

[BY RORY SHORECLIFFE, ESQ.]

On Linden when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
[For if 'twas undisturbed we know  
That nought had stained its purity:]  
And dark as "winter" was the flow  
[Now that's a cooling way to show  
The color or the speed, I trow.]  
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden "saw" another sight  
[No doubt she kept her eyes in plight  
To look ahead by day and night,  
To see the coming enemy—]  
When "the" drum beat at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
[It must have been a horrid sight!]  
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
Each horseman drew his battle blade,  
And furious every charger "neighed"  
To join the dreadful revelry.  
[Now all these horses, bear in mind,  
Could scarcely then be kept align'd;  
But ripe for fight they were inclin'd  
To charge the foe's infantry.]

Then shook the hills with thunder "riven,"  
Then rush'd the steeds to battle driven,  
And "louder" than the bolts of heaven  
Far "flashed" the red artillery.  
[Oh, what a sight! hills split asunder!  
The steeds all lost their fire? no wonder—  
And cannons "flashing loud" as thunder!  
It surely was a novelty.]

And redder yet those fires shall glow,  
On Linden's hills of blood-stain'd snow,  
[Of blood?—the battle's waging—Oh!  
Excuse my gross stupidity.]  
And darker yet shall be the flow  
[See stanzas first,—all's dark you know,  
When Fahrenheit's about zero—]  
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn—but scarce yon lurid sun  
Can pierce the war clouds rolling dun,  
[I thank you, sir, I owe you one!  
The saying's brilliant, certainly.]  
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
[Now mark ye, every mother's son,  
Does what till now was never done:]  
Shout, 'midst the sulph'rous canopy.

The combat thickens; on ye brave,  
Who rush to glory "or" the grave;  
[Now many gallant men may have  
"Both" death and fame their destiny—]  
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!  
[Reserve your good things; by your love,  
Sweet darling, Munich, then I crave,  
To charge with all thy "cavalry."]

Ah, few shall part where many meet!  
The snow shall be their "winding sheet,"  
[A sheet of snow! who heard the bent!  
What wondrous pliant drapery!]  
And every turf beneath their feet  
[When they have clear'd away the sleet,  
For which they ought to have a treat—]  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### NEW CASKET.

"It was when I had just left school that I accompanied my intimate friend, Miss Mannering, on a visit to her mother, at Ashley. Mrs. Mannering was a widow, blessed with an ample fortune and great animal spirits, who laughed—and ate—and talked—played the kind hostess—and delighted in seeing every body happy about her; who thanked God she had not a nerve in her body, and hoped she had lived comfortably." The house was crowded with company; and Mrs. M. made an apology for being obliged to consign me, as my bedchamber, the "Cedar Room." It was a large, fine, old apartment—wainscotted with cedar—and,

there being a door at each end of it, which led to different parts of the house, had, on high-days and holidays, been used as an anti-chamber. There were no old pictures—no Gothic furniture—no tapestry—to predispose the imagination to superstitious feelings, or to foster in the mind melancholy forebodings.

"The windows were sashed—fire-place good, but neither Gothic nor over-large—and the room itself, though of usual dimensions, had the appearance of antiquity, unaccompanied by any thing sombre. We had been dancing, and I went to bed in high spirits. It was between two and three in the morning, when I awoke with a start, and saw distinctly a female figure passing through my room. I inquired, without fear, who was there. There was no answer. The figure proceeded slowly onwards, and disappeared at the door. It struck me as being singular; but knowing the house to be filled with company, and that the greater part were strangers to the endless labyrinth of staircase and anti room which overrun the mansion, I concluded some heedless guest had mistaken my chamber—or that one of the servants, forgetting the circumstances of its being inhabited, had literally put it to its old use—a passage-room. At all events, thought I, it will be cleared up at breakfast; and without feeling any alarm, or attaching any importance to the incident, I struck the hour by my watch and fell asleep. The next morning I was somewhat startled by finding both the doors locked on the inside, and by recollecting with what care I had turned the key on the preceding evening. The breakfast-bell, however, disturbed the train of my ruminations. I hurried hastily down stairs, and thought no more on the subject. In the course of conversation, my kind hostess, inquired how I had slept? 'Very soundly,' said I, 'except that I was rather surprised by some one who, no doubt, by mistake, passed through my room at two this morning.' Mrs. Mannering looked earnestly at me—seemed on the point of asking the question—checked herself, and turned away.

"The next night I went to bed earlier, and, at nearly the same hour, the figure appeared.—But there was no doubt now upon my mind.—It was a spirit! On this occasion I saw the face. Its pale countenance—its large, melancholy, black eyes—its step noiseless, as it glided over the oaken floor, gave me a sensation that I can never forget. Terrified as I was, I fixed my eyes on it. It stood before me—then slowly receded; when it reached the middle of the room, stopped—and while I looked at it, vanished into air. I own it affected me strangely. Sleep for the remainder of the night was impossible. And though I endeavored to fortify my mind, by recollecting all I had heard and read against the theory—to persuade myself that it was illusion, and that I should see no more of it—I half determined to conclude my visit at once, or at all events, to change my room immediately. Morning came—brilliant sunny morning—and the race-ball of the morrow, and the dread of the ridicule which would follow my determination, overpowered my resolution. I was silent, and—I stayed.

"The third night came. I confess, as the evening drew in, I shuddered at the idea of going to bed. I made excuses—I talked over the events of the night—I played—I sung—I frittered away minute after minute—and so well did my stratagem succeed, that two, the dreaded hour, was past long ere I entered my room. I admit that had I retired to rest, on the first evening of my visit to Ashley, with the impressions that, in spite of myself, forced themselves upon me on this imagination might then have claimed a part in what I witnessed. But the feelings were wholly distinct. On the first night, I had seen nothing—knew nothing. On this, was stealing my mind against the worst.

"After a determined and minute investigation of the room—after a thorough examination of every closet and corner—after barring and bolting each door with a beating heart—a woman's fears (shall I confess it?) stole over me; and hastily flinging myself on the bed, I muffled up my face entirely in the clothes. After lying in this manner for two hours in a state of agony that baffles all description, I ventured to cast a hurried glance round the room. It must be, thought I, near day-break. It was so: but by my side stood the figure—her form bent over me, so that my slightest motion would have discovered it: I looked again to convince myself that it was no deception, and—have no recollection of any thing further.

"When I came to myself it was nearly noon. The servants, and indeed Mrs. Mannering herself, had repeatedly knocked at the door; but receiving no answer, were unwilling to disturb me. My kind hostess was alone at the breakfast room when I entered, and was preparing to rally me on my early hours, she inquired if I was well. 'Not particularly,' said I faintly; 'and if you will allow me, I will return home this morning.'

She looked at me in silence for some moments, and then said with emphasis—'Have you any particular reason? Nay, I am sure you have,' she continued, as her keen penetrating eye detected an involuntary tremor. 'I have no concealments,' was the reply; and immediately detailed the whole transaction. She heard me gravely, without interruption, or expressing any surprise. 'I am grieved beyond measure, my dear young friend, for the event: I certainly have heard strange and unaccountable stories about that room; but I always treated them as idle tales, quite unworthy of credit. This is the first time for years it has been occupied, and I shall never cease to reproach myself for having tried the experiment. But for God's sake,' she added, 'don't mention it; assure me, promise me, you will not breathe a syllable on the subject to any living being. If, among these ignorant and superstitious people this inexplicable occurrence should once get wind, not a servant would stop with me.' I assented: and on all her offers of a different room, pressing entreaties to remain, and promises of fresh arrangements, I put a decided negative. Home I returned that morning.

"A long interval elapsed before I again visited Ashley. Miss Mannering, my kind and warm-hearted friend, had sunk into an early grave; and I had had in the interim to stem the torrent of affliction, and buffet with its waves. At length a most pressing and personal invitation brought me under Mrs. Mannering's roof. There I found her sister, who, with her three young children, were laughing and revelling away their Christmas. Lady Pierrepont was one of those fortunate women, who, by dint, as poor Sir Richard informed his friends, 'an unpardonable tongue,' had contributed to have her own way through life. Her first export, on coming to Ashley, was to fix up the cedar room for her children. In vain poor Mrs. Mannering pointed out its fault. She was afraid they would find it cold. Her ladyship 'wished them to be hardy.' 'It was out of the way'—So much the better; their noise would not be troublesome. 'I fear,' went on Mrs. Mannering—'Don't know what it is,' said Lady Pierrepont. 'In short,' she continued, with her imperturbable face, 'this room or none'—and Mrs. Mannering, not daring to avow the real cause of her fears, yet feeling that further contest was useless, saw with feelings of horror the little cribs and rocking horses, nurses and nannies, formally established in the dreaded apartment.

"Things went on very smoothly for a fortnight; no complaints of the cedar room transpired; and Mrs. Mannering was congratulating herself on the happy turn affairs had taken, when one day, on her going into the nursery, she saw her little nephews busily engaged in packing up their playthings. 'What! are you tired of Ashley and going to leave me?' 'Oh, no, aunt,' they shouted, one and all; 'oh, no, but we're going to hide away our toys from the White Lady; she came last night, and Sunday night, and she'd such large black eyes—and she stood close by our cribs—just here, aunt. Who is she, do you know?—for Fred says she never speaks. What does she do here, and what does she want?'

"What a wretched, miserable woman I am! cried the panic-struck Mrs. Mannering. 'Every hope I had entertained of this abominable room is dashed to the ground forever; and if, by any chance, Lady Pierrepont should discover—Oh, they must be moved directly.—Ring the bell. Where's the housekeeper? I'll give no reason—I'll have no reason. Oh, my dear departed Mannering, to what sorrows have you not exposed your disconsolate widow!' In spite of all inquiries, interrogatories, and surmises,—moved the little Pierreponts were that very evening. Our precautions, however, were all but defeated; for one of the little magpies began after dinner—'Mamma, I've something to tell you about the White Lady.' He was instantly crammed almost to suffocation with sweetmeats. The rest were very shortly trundled out of the room, choking with bonbons. And I shall never forget the piteous expression of Mrs. Mannering's countenance, as she passed me with her party, or her declaration,—'God forgive me; but I see very clearly this White Lady will put me in my grave.'

The room was then shut up for some years; and I can give no account of what passed at Ashley in the interim. The last time I was there was the day on which young Mannering came of age. His mother had been receiving the loud and rustic, but not on that account the less sincere, congratulations of the tenants on the lawn, when she was told her more courtly suitors were awaiting her in the drawing room. On this occasion the sins of the cedar-room were forgiven, and it was once more used as an anti-chamber. To enter it, throw off her shawl and bonnet, and run to a large swing glass which stood near a window, was the work of an instant. She was hastily adjusting her dress, when she started, for she saw, reflected at full length in the glass beside her—the figure of the White Lady!

It was some days before the brain fever, which her fright and her fall had brought on, would allow her to give any connected account of what, till then, had appeared an inexplicable occurrence. Her reason and recollection gradually returned, but her health—never. A few weeks afterwards, she quitted Ashley Park for—the grave!

### EPITAPH ON A DISCORDANT COUPLE.

LONG NOTED FOR FAMILY FEUDS.

Underneath this stone do lie,  
Back to back, my wife and I,  
More blest than when in life's short race  
We lay like others, face to face;  
Now free from quarrels, free from fear,  
If she should scold, I cannot hear,  
When the last trump the air shall fill,  
If she should rise, I'll e'en lie still.

The following remarks on the horrors of War are copied from the New England Farmer, being the concluding sentences of an article on the Eastern border troubles:

"War is no child's play. A battalion of troops drawn up in their clean-washed regimentals, in front of the State House on Boston Common, with their sparkling armor and their gilded epaulets, and all the charms of the soul-stirring bugle and deep-toned drum filling the air in the month of June, is a very pretty affair. But a battalion of men calling themselves Christians, with the ferocity of tigers, dealing death from a thousand blazing cannon among men like themselves; sowing the fields broadcast with the mutilated, the dying and the dead, and then raising their arms, crimsoned with human gore; in the field-like exultation of conquest, makes one shudder with horror, and distrust one's own identity as a human being, and ask, in the tone of the Angel in Franklin's fable, 'who, coming down to the earth in the time and on the very spot of a battle between two fleets in the West Indies, when he saw the decks of the ships bespattered with blood and brains, and saw the headless trunks rolling about, and the scattered and smoking limbs, and heard the roar of cannon, and saw the piercing of the bayonets in boarding, whether this can be earth, or whether indeed it is not h—ll?'

From the Chicago Democrat.

### A GIRL BURN'T AT THE STAKE.

Council Bluffs, Dec. 30, 1838.—The Sioux and Pawnees, only 160 miles from here, are in constant hostility. This war was continued for about 200 years. So the Indians here (the Pottawatomies) say. The Pawnees, in a war expedition into the Sioux country last February, took a prisoner a Sioux girl only 14 years old, whom they kept about two months until corn planting, and fattened her as they would a hog. They then determined to make a sacrifice of her. This they kept to themselves. Two days before the sacrifice a council of eighty of the warriors and head men of the nation met to see whether they would accept the offers of two traders of the American Fur Company who offered them valuable presents if they would release her to them, so that they might let her return home. But all would nopro. A majority of the council was for the sacrifice, of course those in favor of her release could do nothing.

At the breaking up of the council the prisoner was brought out, and accompanied by the whole council, was led from house to house; when they gave her a small billet of wood and a little paint which she handed to the warrior next her, and he passed it to the next until every wigwam had contributed some wood and paint. On the 22d of April she was led out to be sacrificed, but not until she came upon the ground did she conjecture her fate. They had chosen the place between two trees which grew within five feet of each other. They then made her ascend the three bars tied across from tree to tree, her feet resting on the bars below, where a slow fire kindled beneath would just reach her feet. Two warriors then mounted the bars, and there, standing one on each side of her, held fire under her arm pits until she was almost dead. Then at a given signal they all shot arrows in her body so that hardly a pin could be placed between them. The arrows were immediately taken from her flesh, and it was all cut off from her bones in places not larger than half a dollar, and put in baskets. And this was done before she was quite dead. Then the principal chief took a piece of her flesh and squeezed it until a drop of blood fell upon the corn that was just planted, and this was done to all they had in the ground.

This is the way they treat prisoners of war out here. The foregoing was told me by a trader of indisputable veracity, who was on the ground at the time. In June last the narrator's wife's brother was taken prisoner by the Sioux and treated in the same manner.

I have visited the Ottos eight miles from here and have been forcibly struck with their superstitious belief of the dead. When a warrior dies, they kill one of the best horses of the nation on his grave and then cut off the tail and tie it to a pole 15 feet high and there leave it!—They believe the spirit of the horse will serve the spirit of the warrior in the next world.

MURDER.—A town meeting of the Narragansett tribe of Indians, as we learn from the Providence Journal, was held in Charlestown, according to ancient custom, which is: 'That all males of the Narragansett tribe of Indians, of twenty-one years of age, shall annually and every year meet together for the purpose of election, and every Indian of twenty-one years of age, belonging to said tribe, shall be entitled to a vote, for the purpose of electing their Council.' At this town meeting there was a warm contest between Ross, son of the well known Tobias S. Ross, and another of the tribe. Ross defeated his opponent. The defeated candidate remarked, that although elected, his time was short. In the evening, he was seen by two white men to stab Ross, who lingered until next day, when he died. The murderer was immediately apprehended and committed to jail, to take his trial before the Supreme Court, which will be held at South Kingston, on the fourth Monday of April ensuing.

In ascending the Mississippi river, a few miles below Memphis, on her voyage hence to Louisville, the steamer Diana was discovered to be on fire. The moment the alarming fact was known, the hatches were closed and covered over with wet blankets, to arrest the progress of the flame, which was about bursting from the hold where it was first kindled. The boat was rounded to, and her head turned to the shore. In a few minutes she was at the land. The passengers and deck load were then safely deposited on the bank. The captain and crew afterwards proceeded to extinguish the fire, in which they succeeded, but not without the most strenuous exertions. The boat itself sustained little or no injury, but all the cargo in the hold was more or less damaged. The accident occasioned a detention of only six hours; after which the Diana resumed her voyage to Louisville.—*Picayune*.

THE WANDERING PIPE.—This singular individual, who wandered through this country some years since, recently died in one of the Dublin hospitals, after bequeathing all his property to the hospital. His real name was Graham Stuart, and he had been employed at a tavern a short time previous to going to the hospital. Before his death he stated that many years ago he made a wager, binding himself to pursue that extraordinary career of life he had so long adopted. Had he relinquished that undertaking, he was wont to say, his family would lose the large wager in question, which of course is cancelled now—that is, if it ever was made—for the termination of his career would induce a belief that the whole was the professional ruse of a cunning, close man.

LARGE FORGER.—Mr. Leverett Peck, of Bennington, Genesee county, N. Y., recently killed a hog, twenty months old, which weighed, when dressed, 519 pounds, and which he sold for \$50.

THE TIMES.—The following, which we copy from the Vicksburg Whig, we feel convinced, is not an overdrawn picture. The experience of every day in Lowndes county teaches us, sadly indeed, that the citizens of this section of the State are but little better off than their neighbors in the west.—Whichever way we turn our eyes for relief, nothing but dark and murky clouds present themselves. We feel the pressure in this quarter severely now, but the worst is to come, for the banks, whose notes are now ruinously under par, are drawing in their circulation as rapidly as possible, and ceased long ago from discounting or making issues, and soon we shall be without even a bad currency, unless individuals find it to their interest again to curse the land with their irredeemable and worthless shin-plasters. Our only hope of relief is in the Union Bank, which, if it issues post notes liberally and discounts impartially, will save many an honest and enterprising citizen from ruin.—*Southern Argus*.

### DISTRESSING TIMES IN MISSISSIPPI.

Never in the history of Mississippi has there been such a pressure in momentary affairs as at the present moment—and never, we imagine, has the future been shrouded in a deeper and more portentous gloom than at this time. Here in the city of Vicksburg, and the county of Warren, the darkest days of 1837, presented but a faint picture of what is now exhibited, and from every town and county in the State we have the same melancholy prospect. The whole community is literally on the rack, and the best men in the country find it impossible to raise any amount of money, except at the most ruinous sacrifices. We are entirely destitute of a circulating medium, while thousands upon thousands are pressing for the collection of their claims—suit after suit is instituted until the docket is becoming swelled beyond any former precedent. Property is sold daily in our streets for one fourth its value. Men give up all they possess to satisfy their creditors, see their property knocked down under the hammer of the sheriff or the marshal at one fourth or less of its value, and find themselves beggars, so far as present want of means can make them so, and still hopelessly involved. We can mention a case that has come to our knowledge, which will illustrate the truth of what we have said more forcibly than language can. A portion of a stock of goods was sold last week to satisfy a case in the Federal Court—the goods, cost in New York \$6000, independent of freight, charges, insurance, &c., they were all new, seasonable, and well selected, and when sold brought only \$2,800, or much less than half of the original cost. Scenes such as this are daily exhibited. A gentleman informs us that a lot of ground in this city, which one year ago brought \$5000 was sold last week for less than five hundred dollars.

And yet horrible as affairs are becoming here they are comparatively trifling to what we hear from Yazoo, Holmes, Hinds, &c. We are informed that land and negroes are selling under execution for a fifth of their real value.—Negroes, first rate hands that will generally command 1000 dollars, have sold for less than two hundred, while some of the best plantations in the State are being sacrificed for one tenth of their value. Where or when this is to stop God only knows. When, or from whence relief is to come we know not, but unless relief does come and come speedily, this country will present a scene of wide-spread ruin and desolation, such as has never been witnessed before. The prospect is absolutely frightful to contemplate—we are told that there are some plantations in Yazoo, the owners of which have made every arrangement for planting, when within a few days past have had their slave driven off by the sheriff, and sold at enormous sacrifices, and who in consequence will not be able to raise a single bale of cotton this year. Already we hear of resistance to the execution of the laws spoken of in that county, and should judgement be rendered at the May Court upon half of the suits brought, there is no telling what a people, with ruin and beggary staring them in the face may not be driven to.

RIGHT OF WAY.—TENNESSEE AND ALABAMA RAIL ROADS.—The North Alabamian complaint of the refusal of our legislature to grant a right of way to the Tusculum, Courtland and Decatur railroad, through the territory of this state. We did not expect such an act would please the Alabamian nor of our northern neighbor the Tennesseans. They have been so accustomed to draining us of our life's blood that they think it extremely ill-natured if we do not consent to their establishing a system of phlebotomy upon us to continue forever. When leech has fastened his proboscis upon the human skin his hold cannot be loosened but by applying strong salt water to his organs of suction. The legislature of Mississippi has undertaken a grand scheme of internal improvement, which operates as salt water to our northern neighbors. Let them take it all kindly, and make the most of what they have, and are no getting out of us. Mississippi will make her own railroad from the Mississippi river to Tennessee, and she will have the trade upon within her own control. Our neighbors may whine about our illiberality, we are content to let the world judge of that. We intend to make the road ourselves and then you are at liberty to use it on the same terms precisely as our citizens. Can you ask any thing more in reason?—*Pontotoc Intelligencer*.

FOUND IN A POND.—The wife of Mr. Day Elwell, of Stoo Creek township, Maryland, committed suicide on Tuesday evening last, under the following circumstances. She had been confined to her room by sickness, and latter to her bed in an almost helpless condition. During the absence of the family, who were eating supper in another part of the house, she managed to escape through a window, and was afterwards traced to the vicinity of a mill pond. The efforts to find her proved unsuccessful until Thursday morning, when her body was discovered in the middle of the pond.